

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Couper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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KINDNESS FOR ITS OWN SAKE AND OUR OWN SAKE.

[We have seldom seen this better stated than in the following from the "New Covenant." Its value justifies its length.—ED.]

There is a growing disposition among Christian communities to apply the gospel to the brute creation, to treat the inferior animals humanely. It commends itself to all, for there are few localities in which a reform is not needed. Brute creatures are made subject to man in order that for their sakes as well as his own they should receive kind treatment. See the patient ox goaded, beaten, neglected, to the equal injury of animal and owner. See the cow, "man's second mother" unhoused in winter, poorly fed, an animal deserving tenderest care, barbarously treated by ignorant and brutal owners. See the creature next to man in intelligence and sagacity, and most faithful of all the inferior races, the dog, man's protector, companion and faithful friend, often his best, and sometimes his only friend, and in some cases almost his equal, yet the receiver of nothing but cruelty. And more than any other creature, the horse, noble animal! illustrates our remarks. The horse, whose traits cannot be perceived without making better the man or woman who associates with him, companionship with which elevates and love for which is sometimes the only redeeming trait of character left. What a return the horse often receives from those who control him, and who sometimes seem inferior to the animal they abuse.

It is gratifying to see in all quarters a growing disposition to treat the inferior races with kindness, for it is another proof of the prevalence of that religion which not only includes man's duties to his Maker and his fellow, but all the relations he sustains. Kindness to animals is exacted of man:

FOR THE SAKE OF THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

We do not dwell on the desirableness of the mere satisfaction flowing from animal comfort, though that ought to be reason enough to induce kindness from every heart of flesh. But this is essential to the perfection of those animals. The whipped dog is a cringing coward, only half the animal he might be. The abused horse is spiritless or vicious. The animals that are treacherous are those that never knew kindness. The noblest horses have been gently bred. The wise man said, "As face to face in water so the heart of man to man." The animal reflects the spirit of his master. In New England the blue jay is the wildest of birds, while in the West it is very familiar. The reason lies in the conduct of man. The western farmer does not miss what the bird eats, and so does not wage war on him, while the New Englander from his pinched and starved soil, does not raise enough to feed the birds and himself, and so is continually persecuting him. Robinson Crusoe was mistaken. He said of the wild creatures around him: "They are so unacquainted with man, their tameness is shocking to me." They were tame because acquainted with Crusoe's kindness and not because "unacquainted with man." Think of the Arabian horse. The children play with the little pet when young, and sleep in the same tent with him. He is never "broken," as we truly call the cruel process to which we subject our horses, and yet though swift as an antelope, a ribbon or a word will guide him across the desert sands. It is because generations of kindness have developed him that he is the noblest horse in all the world. Contrast him with our "broken" horses. Cruelty from the time their mouths receive the bit to the end of life. All the processes of training are harsh. The whip is the means of conveying the driver's intention. How easily we can distinguish the horses that have been exceptionally trained.

THE MODERN METHOD OF HORSE TRAINING.

The secret lies in this. Rarey comprises his processes in these words: "Treat the horse as you would like to be treated if you were a horse." In other words, apply Christ's Golden Rule to horses: "Do as you would be done by." Its effects will always indicate its advantage in a nobler race of animals. The

horse will be handsomer and better dispositioned, the cow will yield more milk, the ox more beef, the dog will develop into a finer creature. Every experiment will be rewarded in the superior conditions of the inferior creature, and will prove that kindness is the true policy.

THE CHIEF ADVANTAGE WILL RESULT TO MAN.

The chief effect is on the very disposition and nature of man himself. * * *

Not only do our dispositions grow in any direction, as we give way to them towards each other, but they are stimulated in the right or wrong direction as they are manifested towards the meanest creature that lives. This fact explains Paul's language (I. Cor. ix: 9, 10): "For it is written in the law of Moses, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes no doubt this is written." That is, cruelty harms the actor more than the victim. The Spanish bull-fights damaged the Spanish character more than they injured the goaded and infuriated animals. Our worst horse races demoralize the spectators more than the horses. He who kicks a dog is himself the one who gets the worst hurt. As the heaviest end of slavery's chain was on the neck of the white man, as Cain fleeing was worse off than Abel slain, so all cruelty injures the author more than the victim. Let a child grow up fond of tormenting the cat or the dog, or of needlessly causing suffering, even among reptiles and insects, and he is in danger of becoming an ungenerous, heartless man. * * It is a sure process of hardening and demoralization. To hate, to torment the meanest living thing is to prepare to be regardless of human rights. To protect and love the lower animals is to cultivate those finer dispositions that improve the man or woman. We would educate children to be kind to animals with as much care as not to abuse their mates, for whatever traits of character they employ are hardened and perfected by usage, as much as are the muscles of the arm by exercise.

THE BETTER THE MAN, THE BETTER HIS DEEDS.

The nobler the disposition, the surer will its possessor be to deal tenderly with inferior beings. A man of fine instincts and tastes does not inflict unnecessary pain. If he must destroy life it is by the shortest and easiest process. But wherever communities indulge in sports, amusements, pursuits that inflict unnecessary pain, they are degraded, barbarous people in other respects. We want no other proof that a man is a barbarian than to see him beat a half starved horse. It is presumptive proof of a

kindly disposition to see one's animals well used. If one had the requisite acuteness of vision he could read a man's disposition in the behavior of his dog or horse. We seldom see a fretful, cruel man with a docile, tractable horse, or a kind, refined gentleman with a snappish, wolfish cur of a dog.

But the fact of chief importance to us, as merely selfish beings, is, that we benefit or harm ourselves more than we do the inferior animals by our conduct in this regard. The dangerous end of the weapon is that at the shoulder. The gun kicks harder than it shoots. We shall treat our families and neighbors, and mankind much as we do our own dog and cat. The dumb animals we abuse are no worse treated than we treat ourselves. Cruelty, like curses, always comes home to roost. All experience endorses the philosophy of Paul, that it is not alone for the creatures below us, but for our own sakes, that kindness to the Dumb Animals is enjoined.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A GALLANT DEED.

"Mr. B. B. W., of A., killed a fox with his whip the other day. The fox was hard pressed by the dogs and ran to him for safety."—*Daily Advertiser*.

We hardly remember any thing more brave and brilliant since the days of the Chevalier Bayard, than the above great exploit! A monument should at once be erected to the chief actor therein and to his associates, "the dogs." Something like the following strikes us as an appropriate design: A column, upon which, whip in hand, stands the robust champion; a dead fox at his feet, with his head well mauled and dripping with blood; six or eight open-mouthed dogs around the pedestal, rampant.

It is not often that animals run to man "for safety!" The rule is for them to run away from him. How often do we see a fine, generous horse shrink from his coarse, hard driver, as he comes towards him. The animal remembers former sweet and tender attentions bestowed upon him and expects a renewal of the same. A fox is a very dreadful animal indeed! To be sure, foxes have been known to do mischief in poultry-yards, etc., etc., but most commonly they keep to the woods and don't trouble man very much, except when they run to him for safety! What, says your practical hero, what! would you have a fox's life spared in such a case, or in any case? Well, yes, we would. A poor, hunted-down creature, "hard pressed by the dogs," incapable, at the time, surely, of doing harm to any man or chicken, runs to a man for protection and life. Why not, for once, give them to him, keep off the dogs and let the animal who has shown such unusual and touching trust in his natural enemy, escape, after his four footed pursuers had given him up? We would have put him in our wagon box or buggy box, driven off and let him out when in that "safety" which he begged of us in his extremity. You wouldn't? Oh, very well—have the monument erected at once—we'll subscribe! W.

MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP'S HORSE.—"Next in the line I galloped. O, my glorious black! The great killing pace seemed mere playful canter to him; such as one might ride beside a timid girl thrilling with her first free dash over a flowery common, or a golden beach between sea and shore. But from time to time, he surged a little forward, and gave a mighty writhe of his body, while his hind legs came lifting his flanks under me, and telling me of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled. Then his ear would go back, and his large brown eye, with its purple-black pupil, would look round at my bridle hand and then into my eye, saying, as well as words could have said it; 'This is mere sport, my friend and master. You do not know me. I have stuff in me that you do not dream of. Say the word, and I can double this, treble it. Say the word! let me show you how I can spurn the earth.' Then with the lightest love pressure on the snaffle, I would say, not yet! not yet! Patience my noble friend! your time will come."

"It has been wisely ordained that light should have no color, water no taste, and air no odor."

[From the "Home Journal."]

ONE PLACE IN HEAVEN.

BY H. F. STARR.

Behrynge the Pilgrim, lifting up his head,
Saw the Death Angel standing near his bed,
And heard him say, in accents calm and cold,
"The names I write within my Book of Gold,
Are names of those whose place in Heaven is won;
To gain such place what hast thou ever done?"

Behrynge the Pilgrim struck upon his breast:
"Alas! full many a law have I transgressed!
Yet at God's feet, for creatures He had made,
Both mute and helpless all my life I laid,
And prayed him daily that my strength might be
Their faithful safeguard, as He guarded me."

The Dumb Beasts' cause I plead through all the land,
And stayed the torture of the oppressor's hand.
With righteous wrath I awed the cruel mind,
Or strove by kindness to make men more kind;
My life, my all, to the great work I gave—
Yet know I not if deeds like these can save."

The Angel vanished. When at Heaven's gate,
Behrynge the Pilgrim sadly came to wait,
Lo! the pearl portals flew asunder far,
A light shone round him like a glorious star,
And a voice said, "God takes each gift as GIVEN!
Love for the helpless won thy place in Heaven."

NEW YORK, October 30, 1870.

GLORIFY YOUR LIVES.

"The faculty of making the most of our blessings is a happy one. The Spaniard of whom Southey tells that he always put on his magnifying glasses when he ate cherries, in order to make them seem larger, had the true philosophy of life. The good things that fall to the share of most men in this world are not so numerous but that they will bear a little pleasant exaggeration, and it is much wiser to make the most of them than to grumble because they are not more numerous. It is surprising how narrow means and simple pleasures may be eked out by a little invention. Sydney Smith, that great master of human happiness, used to cry out, "Glorify the room," and the windows being thrown open, let in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. The ancient Pompeians, who were wise in their day and generation, seem to have well understood the art of making the most of everything. Their gardens were very diminutive, but by painting the surrounding walls with plants and landscapes, their little area became indefinitely enlarged to the eye of the observer, just as our shopkeepers enlarge their premises and multiply their goods by the aid of mirrors. It is well to glorify our lives in this way a little, by throwing open the windows and taking an enlarged view of all our blessings."—*Ec.*

CRUELTY PROGRESSIVE.

Montaigne held cruelty to be the extreme of all vices; it is also one of the commonest. Humanity seldom or never shows itself in inferior dispositions, and where it exists is readily destroyed. No unnatural taste is so readily acquired as the taste for shedding blood.

M. Blaze, in relating his military experience during the wars of Napoleon, mentions that the conscripts at the beginning of a battle made a circuit of twenty paces round the bodies which lay in their path. Soon they approached nearer, and ended by marching over them.

Montaigne observed during the French civil wars, that the atrocities kept increasing with exercise, till they rivalled anything that was recorded in the annals of antiquity, or which we have read of the Sepoys in our own day. He has remarked that those who luxuriate in the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, usually learn their first lessons in barbarity by the maltreatment of animals; and that after the Romans had become accustomed to the spectacle in their amphitheatres of the slaughter of beasts, they proceeded to take delight in the slaughter of gladiators. This is the natural progression.—*G. A. Rowell, in Quarterly Review.*

"It is much safer to think what we say, than to say what we think."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A HORSE FREE AT TWENTY-ONE.

The ancient town of Dighton was for many years the home of several of the most influential families of Bristol County, Mass. It was to the Dighton family that the Hon. William Baylies belonged, also his brother Francis Baylies, the old colony historian, and member of Congress, and Hon. Hodajah Baylies, who was an Aid to General Benjamin Lincoln of Hingham, and subsequently upon the staff of General Washington. After the war Major Baylies located in Dighton where he carried on a large and very productive farm, adjacent to the Taunton River and which farm soon became a model for agricultural operations.

A citizen of Berkley, who owned a piece of salt-marsh adjoining Major Baylies' farm had one day put upon his wagon a larger load than his ox-team could draw. Seeing a fat and sleek horse on the major's premises, he asked the major to loan the horse to help draw the load down to the road. The major said, "That horse is not mine, though he was once, and did me good service until he attained his majority; he is past twenty-one, at which age he acquired his freedom; complete freedom, sir; I have never worked him since, never will, and no one else shall. But he pleased to accept the free use of my oxen to assist in drawing the load."

We are happy to add that that old horse never was worked any more, but was well fed, warmly housed and carefully groomed until he died of old age. R.

MR. BEECHER'S CAT.

Mr. Beecher has always been noted for a certain tenderness to cats. A contributor to his paper—the "Christian Union"—having ventured to speak disparagingly of the feline race, Mr. Beecher becomes their champion in his usual happy and valorous way: "We regard the cat as among the greatest promoters of happiness known to man. To begin with, she is the very embodiment of grace,—not the spiritual sort, but the other. Her every motion is beautiful. Her step has the supple softness, her spring the bird-like, airy power of her great cousins, the panther and tiger. Then she is the very embodiment of comfort. The man who can see a cat basking in the sunshine or curled softly purring by the fire, and not catch by sympathy a sense of dreamy, luxurious enjoyment,—that man must be a cynic. What home is complete in winter without an open fire! And how utterly incomplete is an open fire without a cat dozing before it! Cats, too, have warm affections. We do not say that they are unselfish, which is quite another matter; but a cat of the right kind, well treated, will show her affection for you as quick as a dog. Yes, thou lovely, white kitten, who will come running to meet us to-night in long, lithe bounds a dozen rods from the house,—perish the slander that thy race is cold-hearted! Conscience, kitten, we do not pretend that you have. You knocked down our wife's pet cut-glass cream-pitcher, and never pretended to be sorry. You have stolen from the milk-pan on every opportunity, and even attacked our Sunday's roast-beef. But you are in the highest degree pretty and amusing and cosy and pet-able."

VEAL.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in her instructions to housekeepers, says:—

"Veal should be small and white, the kidney well covered with fat. If the calf is over ten weeks old the meat will be coarse. The flesh should be dry and white."

If she had said *red* instead of "white," she could have said juicy instead of "dry." If she lived in Massachusetts she would have learned that good housekeepers here buy veal from calves that were not bled before being killed, and hence the meat is not white, and is, therefore, nourishing and healthful.

TO REPROVE small faults with undue vehemence is as absurd as if a man should take a great hammer because he saw a fly on a friend's forehead.

LAMARTINE.

Extract from his letter to the Paris Society, on the presentation of a medal to him.

My profession of faith is yours, concerning the form, organism, the name of living beings. All which thinks has an intelligence, all which feels has a sensibility, all that loves has the right to be loved, all which suffers has a title to pity; there is wanting no round in the ladder of sensitive beings who rise in gradual ascent from the brute to man.

Man is the highest, without doubt, on this earth; but below him, there is an inferior family of adopted beings, his compatriots here below. Man is the king, he ought not to be the tyrant.

Justice is not only a divine relation between man and man; it is a relation of man with the whole creation. To wound justice is to wound God.

When we do not abuse our superiority and our sovereignty over animals we have in them servants and friends; when we abuse them we have only victims; and as always happens in such a case, tyranny perverts the tyrant.

From brutality towards the animal to ferocity towards man, there is only the difference of the victim. To take in the animal into the sphere of duties and charities which are imposed upon us, is to improve man himself.

Let the vulgar sneer at those philosophic and practical considerations, which you wish with so great wisdom, to show toward all the creation. Superior and progressive minds bless your institution of universal charity. The beings that you protect will serve you better for they will love you more.

God himself will bless your thought, for it honors him in the sensitive part of his nature. You bring out another expression of love, that law of laws. You are the apostles of sympathy.

—Translated for Our Dumb Animals.

[Contributed.]

"BRICK," THE DOG OF PROGRESS.

Brick is rather a singular name to give a dog, but in this particular case an appropriate cognomen.

Some fifteen years ago he was rescued from "death by drowning," his present owner having found him in a crevice of a sea-wall, into which he had crept for protection from the advancing tide.

A brick attached to his neck, not heavy enough, however, to prevent his being "cast up by the sea," furnished a name for the "waif."

Combined with rare intelligence, he has a "vagrancy" propensity for "paying visits," and will often leave Chelsea by the ferry boat, take the horse-car on the Boston side, ride to Scollay's Building, then get on the car for Somerville, or whatever town he intends to go to, (never getting on or into the wrong one), stop two or three days with his master's friends, and return home in the same manner. I think he may be truly called a progressive dog. c. s. s.

BALKY HORSES.—It is rarely well to whip or kick or scold a balky horse, as is the common practice. One of the best methods is to feed where he stands with any accessible food, such as oats, ears of corn, or even grass by the way side, or hay from the wagon which can be provided for the emergency. Forgetting his whim, he will generally start without trouble. Another good way is to do something not harmful, but new, which will divert his thoughts, and before he knows it, he will be jogging unconsciously along. Sometimes, if one can spare the day, it is best to wait till, from weariness and hunger, the animal submits to your will, and the triumph in this instance is generally complete.

A DONKEY, the other day, stubbornly refused to come out of a boat which had brought him across the Mersey; at last, after many kicks had been applied, and other persecutions of that kind, a man stepped forward, addressing him affectionately, "Come along, brother"—and the donkey obeyed at once.

THE way to be happy is not to try too much to be so. You can't catch sunbeams if you try; but you may enjoy their light and warmth by letting them shine unsolicited upon you.

[Contributed.]

"BUD."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A REMARKABLE DOG BURIED IN MY GARDEN.

What means this semblance of a grave
Placed here beneath this moss-rose sweet?
A spot so beautiful must claim
Affection's tribute; for no knave
Could claim a rest in such retreat.

"Bud," whose memory still survives
And lingers in the hearts of friends
Rests here. A long and faithful life
Should thus be honored in the end—
The faithful dog as well as man.

Man claims reason; his selfishness
Denies this jewel to all else
Created and grants an instinct!
Thus man is quick himself to bless;
O, arrogant self-righteousness.

His virtues all are worthiest names,
His constancy, his watchfulness,
His honest nature, trustfulness,
His gratitude, his confidence,
And may we add his common sense!

He asks not riches, is content
With what his master deigns to give,
Happy if welcome to the home
Containing all that's dear to him,
Willing to live or die for them.

"Bud," rest thee here; this sweet moss-rose
Shall ever o'er thee shed its bloom;
Its fragrant incense will ever rise
To that Heaven that is denied thee
By selfish man. Rest thee in peace!

—ELIPHALET STONE.

DEDHAM, Feb. 8, 1871.

[Correspondence.]

A LETTER FROM JACK HORSE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—If it is really true, as I have heard, that you "speak for those who cannot speak for themselves," I wish you would be kind enough to speak a few words for me, as th only plain English I have as yet been able to master is "neigh," and that being only a negative way of expressing one's self, very little can be accomplished by it. The consequence is, I am very imperfectly understood, and motives are attributed to me, of which I am often entirely innocent.

I am a six year old colt, and have as kind a master and as snug a stable as any reasonable colt could ask. Now don't laugh at that word "reasonable," because I think it is going to be made plain to you some time, that reason is not confined to men and women; some of whom, are far more unreasonable than any colt that ever stood on four shoes. Master says to every one who comes in to look at me, "He's kind as a kitten, and intelligent and good traveller, but—I've only driven him a few months." This last clause, together with various precautionary measures, makes me feel that I have as yet to win his confidence. This, I try to do as faithfully as a horse can, but it is very plain that my actions are frequently misinterpreted.

I think it was in December, that I was one afternoon taken out of my warm stable, and led off to the clipping machine where my winter coat was speedily taken from me, *molens volens*. I was astounded, but submitted patiently, for master stood by, and spoke an encouraging word now and then, which made me feel it was all right. But can you conceive of my sensations when I again emerged into the open air "all shaven and shorn," like the priest in ancient story. Words cannot express my discomfort till my mistress came out and exclaimed, "Oh what a beauty Jack is—isn't he lovely? there never was such a handsome creature in harness." So *pride* came to keep me warm, and what with that and blankets, I did very well. The cold weather soon came on, and as neither sledding or wheeling was good, I could not get many opportunities to show off my handsome hide. I was frisky and uneasy, and my young coltish blood was dancing in my veins; so I capered in my stall to the extent of my halter, sometimes rearing, sometimes jumping off my four feet. If my master, who is usually very regular in his habits, and has taught me to be so too, was a little behind time in

feeding me, I would just toss my head about, to signify my displeasure. It was all I could do; but master looked at me doubtfully, "Still Jack!" and then he would soliloquize thus, not suspecting that my intelligent ears took it all in, "I wonder if there is an ugly streak in Jack after all? or does he expect to be master of this concern. If that is so, he must learn his mistake, instant." No, Mr. Editor; tell him I'm all right, but I have an extremely sharp appetite, and am just as impatient for my fodder, as a growing school-boy of fourteen is, for his allowance of apple-dumpling or bread and sausage; and as for the stall performance, it is simply the letting off steam, for like reason as aforesaid boy pitches himself into sand heaps or snow banks, or jumps over his little sister's head, or sounds the war-whoop in Bridget's unsuspecting ears. I have never received a kick or a blow, or an angry word even; and I believe master does all he can to make me happy and contented with my lot, but I suspect he does not fully realize how like a horse is to a man, in his organization. When I come into the stable after a trip of twenty-five or thirty miles, I am naturally fatigued, and want rest—not rest for the muscles alone, but rest for my nervous system, excited by the incidents of the journey; and I must confess it, I have a natural and inherited love for *quiet* in the stable. Master has a little compartment there which he uses for a workshop, and sometimes, just as I have arrived at a state of composure, he will commence driving nails. I bear it very well, hoping each will be the last; when suddenly wh—sh, wh—sh, wh—sh goes the plane. I feel it clear to my hoofs, and a rebellious sensation flashes over me, culminating in the tips of ears; but, Oh shades of my sires protect me! when the squeaking of a file congeals the very marrow in my bones. It will be hours before my trembling nerves recover their equilibrium. Then again, I find it is quite the fashion for men to congregate in a stable, where they indulge in loud talk and laughter, and familiar handling and slapping of us poor defenceless brutes. I cannot express to you how disagreeable that is to a well-bred horse. It disturbs our rest, excites our nerves and hinders our digestion. If we could only speak, we should say to such interlopers, "Not at home," or "Engaged," or "No visitors except on business." Speak for us, then, good Mr. Editor.

Like the human family, we have strong affections, and nothing pleases us better than the gentle sound of a woman's voice about our premises. Our keen instincts teach us to appreciate the different qualities of *tone*, and nothing subdues our wild spirits and humanizes us so readily, as a few kind words from the mistress' lips. Tell them this, and ask them to visit us, and bring an apple, or bit of gingerbread laid upon the palm of the hand, and they shall not be harmed by our big mouths, as we pick up the dainty. We love sweets and are always grateful for a morsel. Mistress came in the other day with mouth full of molasses candy—she held me by the bridle, while master was arranging his blankets, etc., I caught a whiff of the odor, and it set me "hankering" so after some of it, that I poked my nose right up to her mouth for some. She retreated and I followed. She looked scared to death, and called out "Whoa, whoa, Jack." I suppose madam thought I was going to bite her. Not so; the fact is, Mr. Editor, we need to be understood. Let men study us, be faithful to us, and careful of us; let them stop whipping and worrying us needlessly, and we will be true and faithful to them. When there is mutual understanding and good will there will be fewer accidents, and greater comfort and safety in riding.

I know there are vicious brutes, as there are vicious men; but it should not on that account be assumed that all have a vicious tendency. The irreclaimable ones, bear a small proportion to those who would willingly be docile and obedient, and cheerfully accord to man the title of master. JACK.

BLEEDING CALVES.—The time for slaughtering calves is approaching. We hope our agents and friends will keep this in mind, notice when veal is white, and arrest every butcher or other person who bleeds calves for days or hours before killing them.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, March, 1871.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of our society will be held in Boston, on Tuesday, March 28. Place and hour will be advertised in Boston papers.

OUR ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Expire on 21st inst., and we send to all who have been members a circular inviting them to renew their connection with our society.

As our treasury is now empty, those who believe we are doing a useful work will see that there was never a time when their favor was more needed. Upon the generosity of the public depends the existence of the society.

OUR FAIR.

By the advice of experienced friends it has been decided that our Fair shall be held immediately after Thanksgiving, as it is believed the approach of the holiday season is the most favorable for such a purpose. Horticultural Hall has been secured for two weeks. As other fairs for humane purposes are now being held and prepared for, we have not deemed it best to propose any associated action, and have only endeavored to interest individuals for future work. After the French Fair in April, we propose to invite interested friends to meet and take definite action. In the mean time, if ladies in all parts of the State, willing to aid us in this matter, will send us their address, we will notify them when the first meeting for organization is held. Sub-committees in all the towns and cities of the State will add much to the success of the work.

LECTURES.

Loring Moody, who has been lecturing and canvassing for us, has held meetings at Salem and Worcester with Rev. W. R. Alger, and at Waltham, Medford, Melrose, Lawrence and Quincy, where prominent gentlemen, clergymen and others, have aided him. An interest has been awakened in these places which we hope will eventually result to the benefit of the cause and the society. Other meetings will be held during the month.

Dr. D. D. Slade, of Chestnut Hill, is also prepared to deliver a lecture on our subject *free*, to Lyceums, Farmers' Clubs, &c.

BILL BEFORE CONGRESS.—We fear that the crowd of business before Congress will prevent the bill for the better transportation of animals from being reached this session. The committee made a favorable report in the Senate, and Mr. Cameron, the chairman, has made several efforts to secure immediate action, but objection was made and the bill took its place upon the calendar. If it fails now we shall try to get it brought forward early in the next session.

WATERING-TROUGHS AND GUIDE-BOARDS.—

Do not forget to bring the subject of watering-troughs before the people at the coming town meetings: see statutes of 1870. Guide-boards, too, save horses many miles of unnecessary travel.

BEQUESTS.

The papers tell us of more good luck to our sister (N. Y.) society, by a bequest of one hundred thousand dollars, which will make them strong for the work which is always before them. We have been several times congratulated by those who, by a hasty reading of the papers, supposed the bequest fell to us. Not thus have we been favored. In the language of the poet,

"What future bliss He gives not thee to know,
But gives that *hope* to be thy blessing now."

In the meantime, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, we say to our friends, "Here's to your good health, and your families', may they *live long* and prosper." But it may not be out of place for us to solicit their kind remembrances in the document which disposes of their earthly effects.

We feel that all the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals may be justly entitled "humane institutions," and, as such, if they are faithful, may hope for friendly recognition.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY'S

Report for 1870 shows 646 complaints during the year, upon which there were 207 prosecutions. Their policy is much the same as ours. The Philadelphia Fountain Society relieved the Pennsylvania Society from work in the department of drinking fountains. Their efforts to limit by law the number of passengers in horse cars failed in the legislature, but it has had the effect to produce other reforms. The society are considering the requests to establish branch societies in several counties, and have recently decided to do so at Pittsburgh.

HOME FOR DOGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

We visited this place lately and saw how much suffering can be saved by killing animals mercifully. The law in Pennsylvania requires the catching and killing of every unmuzzled dog found in the streets. Heretofore the method of killing has been barbarous. Last year the Women's branch of the Pennsylvania Society took the matter in hand, and the city authorities turned over to them the appropriation annually made for this purpose. They have erected suitable buildings and kennels at Germantown, where the dogs are sent and are kept for a few days, giving an opportunity for owners to reclaim them. Those not claimed are killed with carbonic acid gas. We saw the process when fifty dogs were killed, apparently without pain, as no groan or cry escaped them. Boston does not seem to have so many homeless dogs, and there is comparatively little need of action in the premises.

CHICAGO.

The Illinois Humane Society, by the efforts of our Mr. Angell, is fairly under way, having chosen Edward Lee Brown, President, Samuel T. Atwater, Treasurer, and Wm. H. Sharp, Secretary *pro tem*. They have begun to collect money, and report seventeen subscriptions of one hundred dollars each. They have just issued an "appeal," in the form of a paper about the size of ours, to set forth the claims of the society. It presents the matter strongly, and we trust will have a telling effect throughout the whole West.

Now that the Illinois ball is in motion we hope soon to feel Mr. Angell's help in Massachusetts.

EPITOME OF OUR WORK.

It is often easier, and certainly pleasanter, to do a work if it is one's duty, than to tell of it or describe how it is done. And it often happens that the act which costs the most labor and the most thought, and may be really most important, shows to others the slightest result.

The remark applies to our work. It has sometimes been said, "You make few prosecutions," and the inference may be drawn that we are idle. And yet we "*busy be*," and have never been limited by an eight-hour law.

But in undertaking, at the suggestion of a friend, to give an epitome of our work we find it not an easy task, for, as we have suggested above, a work that often occupies us half a day produces nothing *but* work, and a conviction that nothing can be done.

But we propose to give an imperfect sketch of some of the duties of the central office, and from it the work of the out of town agents may be presumed.

In doing this we shall involve the duties of the secretary and special agent, who have joint conferences, "joint and several" thinking, joint action, and much "action of the joints."

Our thirty-nine articles of faith show what we seek to do, and in doing it the work occurs.

For instance, a party reports a lame or galled horse on a team, giving us the number. At City Hall we ascertain the owner's name. The party making the report is unwilling to be summoned as a witness, or, if willing, suggests no other person to confirm the plaintiff's testimony. Hence, our agent must find and examine the horse, which, if he is *jobbing*, may take hours. If it prove to be worthy a prosecution, a writ is obtained, and the defendant is arrested and taken to court. Trial appointed for next day, when it takes its turn and the whole forenoon is occupied. Often the case will not bear prosecution, and we apply a remedy by a remonstrance, which results in a rebuke or discharge of the driver.

Another case. It was reported to us that sheep were driven over the mill-dam to Providence depot in a lame and suffering condition. Agent watched for several mornings, and finally found a sheep with a broken leg being driven with the others. Arrested the driver, put the sheep in a stable, obtained a writ, had the trial; driver convicted, fined, and went to jail for non-payment. Sent to depot to intercept owner; had gone to Fall River; letter to Fall River; visit to jail; another to stable to look after sheep; another to market to secure some one to buy and kill the sheep at once; second visit to stable; another letter to Fall River; expressman called to pay fine and costs; driver called after release to collect value of sheep. Most of two days used up in this one case.

Another recent case required two visits to Cottage Farm, four to South End, one to Brookline, and yet no evidence could be obtained to secure a warrant, and we only succeeded in *frightening* the party.

We might multiply this record with each day's experience, but a sample is sufficient. Then comes the travelling the streets, watching horse-cars and omnibuses by day, and sometimes by night, to discover lame and disabled horses. Then there is traversing Atlantic Avenue, Suffolk Street district and Back Bay to examine horses on tip-carts, followed by conferences with superintendent of teams and by a

petition to city government to require all such carts to be numbered and licensed. Attendance at Brighton market, and visits to various towns to confer with local agent in special cases. Ordering old horses to be killed; collection of fines of courts and justices; looking after unblanketed, poorly-fed, over-worked and badly shod horses and cattle, and the ill-treatment of dogs, cats, poultry, anacondas and turtles!

Then there is the preparation and circulation of the paper—distributing six to ten thousand each month; soliciting and keeping the accounts with subscribers, members and canvassers; correspondence with kindred societies; endeavoring to procure the passage of laws where none exist, by correspondence with legislators and sending papers for distribution; efforts to procure passage by congress of general law on transportation of animals, visiting Washington for the purpose, appearing before Massachusetts legislative committee to secure memorial to congress on this subject, letters to several other States for same purpose; securing translations from French, German and Italian writers; sending papers and circulars to every paper in the United States asking publication of matter on this subject; endeavors to interest the principal authors of the country to write on this topic; arrangements with lecturers and canvassers; the appointment of and instructions to agents; correspondence with selectmen to aid in their selection; keeping a record at office of each case examined and all cases prosecuted throughout the State; inducing horse-railroad companies to place extra horses at steep grades and to blanket horses at exposed situations; efforts with chief of police and mayor to station policemen at points where most cruelty occurs by overloading; conferences with judges in regard to warrants, with owners of teams in regard to drivers, with superintendent of streets in relation to paving; efforts to procure introduction of fountains and watering troughs.

But we need not go on, although we are not by any means at the end of the chapter. Certain we are that there is a wide field for industry, and if it is not well worked the fault is in the operators and not in the field.

The community seem to recognize the effect of the work in the great reduction of cruelty and the growing sympathy for animals. And yet there is very much to be done, and somebody ought to do it. It remains for the public to say whether our administration is satisfactory, and whether it shall be sustained.

PAVEMENT.

We are hopefully waiting for the time when some one shall discover a material for street pavement, at once durable and pliable, to relieve animals from much of their present suffering,—a suffering not occasioned by intentional cruelty. Until this hoped for discovery we must do all we can for better roads, better grades, and to make the present pavement as unobjectionable as possible. With this effort our various town and city authorities have sympathy, and especially we are glad to commend the superintendent of streets in this city, who seems ready to adopt any suggestions from us or others, within the limit of his power, to improve objectionable points and make desired changes.

DO OXEN KNEEL ON CHRISTMAS EVE?

In the southwest of England there exists a superstitious notion, that the oxen are to be found kneeling in their stalls at midnight of this vigil, as if in adoration of the Nativity; an idea which Brand, no doubt, correctly supposes to have originated from the representations by early painters of the event itself. That writer mentions a Cornish peasant who told him (1790) of his having with some others watched several oxen in their stalls on the eve of old Christmas day. "At twelve o'clock at night they observed the two oldest oxen fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it, in the idiom of the country, make 'a cruel moan like Christian creatures.'" To those who regard the analogies of the human mind—who mark the progress of tradition—who study the diffusion of certain fancies, and their influence upon mankind—an anecdote related by Mr. Howison in his "Sketches of Upper Canada" is full of comparative interest. He mentions meeting an Indian at midnight, creeping cautiously along in the stillness of a beautiful Christmas eve. The Indian made signals to him to be silent; and, when questioned as to his reason, replied, "Me watch to see the deer kneel; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit and look up."—*From the Book of Christmas, by T. K. Hervey.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE KNEELING DEER.

Suggested by above Extract.

A traveller through Canadian woods,
Was hurrying benighted:
'Twas nearly midnight; and the moon
His lonely pathway lighted.

When suddenly a shadow passed,
Along the footpath gliding:
He paused, and 'neath a low-hung bough,
Beheld an Indian hiding.

"Hush!" And he held his finger up,
While through the umbrage stealing:
"Tis Christmas eve! Me watch to-night
To see the wild deer kneeling."

The air was still; yet overhead,
The pines were softly singing:
While glowed the moon, upon the snow
Their silent shadows flinging.

Ah! we may say the legend old
Was but an idle notion;
A Cornish peasant's fancy wild,
Transplanted o'er the ocean;

Yet on the first bright Christmas-eve,
Around the lowly manger,
The soft-eyed brutes with angels gazed
Upon the heavenly stranger.

And he who came to show mankind
The true way and the narrow,
With his great love and tenderness,
Could note the falling sparrow.

We cannot know how far and deep
Their mystic instinct reacheth,
Nor what mute sense of Right and Love,
These poor dumb children teacheth.

But Love that could redeem and save,
For evil, good returning,
Could hold all creatures to its heart,
The humblest never spurning.

Honor the voice that dares to speak,
The cruel jest unheeding,
For those who cannot speak themselves,
A word of friendly pleading.

CASTINE, ME., 1871.

REMEMBER THE BIRDS.—A pretty custom is practised in Sweden of hanging up in front of every house, at Christmas, a small sheaf of wheat for the winter provision of the birds that are exposed to the inclemencies of a northern winter. The American people would do well to scatter bread-crumbs, seeds, &c., about their doors, especially after snow-storms. Also to hang pieces of fat meat upon trees, all which will be appreciated and appropriated by the birds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Yours is a good work, and I hope you may not flag in your efforts to ameliorate the needlessly and wickedly cruel treatment of our dumb animals. I am satisfied, however, that much of the rough treatment which our domestic animals receive is for the want of sufficient reflection upon the subject, more than from real wickedness. We are creatures of habit, and are strongly influenced by our education. Instil right principles into the minds of our youth in this, as in other things, and it will do much in establishing right practices. Then we shall not only be enabled to procure the enactment of laws to protect the whole brute creation from wanton abuse, but we shall find a community around us sufficiently awakened to the subject, and its importance to enforce them."

An agent writes as follows:—

The fact of the law and a recognized agent to enforce the law, being known in this town, have been sufficient to produce the effect the society desired. In former times I have known many cases which could have been severely and successfully prosecuted; but, although I have been able to learn from our best farmers and others, of a single case, (should it have occurred), I have none to report; and too, we send by rail to —, and by wagon to —, a great many calves and sheep. I have personally been to the depot, and noticed that the law was not infringed. So, you see, sir, the benefit of your endeavors, without an opportunity of availing myself of the legal force of the law.

ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM A LADY.

"Seeing by the February issue of 'Our Dumb Animals' that the funds of this noble society are getting low, I send my annual membership now, instead of waiting till March. A friend wishes to contribute five dollars, so, please find inclosed fifteen dollars (\$15). I am aware that this is but a 'drop in the bucket,' and wish most sincerely that I could send a hundred times as much, for so noble a work as that done by the society for prevention of cruelty to poor dumb creatures ought to be helped on by generous contributions, as well as by sympathy and approval, from its friends."

REPORT OF AN AGENT IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

I am happy to say I have no report of any prosecutions to make, and in only two cases have I had occasion to administer a warning, and that was in wintering stock, and advice was all-sufficient, as they know I should not hesitate to apply the last resort. The only trouble in this vicinity is people trying to winter more stock than they have food for. The fact that there is such a law on our statute book, and a society to execute that law, is a terror to evil doers, and a very great protection to dumb animals.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

If it be necessary to shoot pigeons to improve the skill of gunners, it is not necessary for Captain Bogardus, who kills forty-six out of fifty, to continue this trap-shooting. It is nothing but "slaughter of the innocents," to win a wager of \$250 and to gratify the depraved taste of the spectators.

BOYS AS AGENTS.

We cannot approve the suggestion of a friend to appoint boys as agents of the society, but a proposition will be made to the society to constitute minors as members on payment of a small sum; this will give them an interest in the work and help it; they might also serve as excellent canvassers.

THE RAT KILLING exhibition by Sam. Turner, noticed in our last, resulted in a prosecution by us and in a fine of ten dollars and costs, upon Turner's plea of guilty. We shall expect a severer penalty in case of another prosecution.

Children's Department.

Phebe Brown's my Name.

BY EMILY A. TAYLOR.

Listen to the little bird,
Singing in a tree;
Do you think the song he sings
Can be meant for me?
Hear him singing cheerily,
"Phebe, Phebe, little Phebe."

"Master Birdie, if you please,
Phebe Brown's my name:
If that song you sing for me,
Sing it o'er again."
And he sang so witchingly,
"Phebe, Phebe, pretty Phebe."

Now I know he sings to me,
Calls me pretty, too.
"Birdie, dear, I fear I'll blush,
If you call me so."
Then he sang more lovingly,—
"Phebe, Phebe, sweet Phebe."

"O, you bright-eyed little bird,
If I knew your name,
Since you call me loving names,
I'd call you the same."
Then he sang so cunningly,
"Phebe, Phebe, happy Phebe."

"Happy Phebe is his name:
Phebe Brown is mine,
So we are two Phebe birds,
Singing all the time;
And we sing right merrily,
"Phebe, Phebe, happy Phebe."
—Bright Side.

SOME of the queerest people, that I ever saw, live in India, and are called Jains. They build asylums for cows, horses, donkeys, cats and dogs, just as we build them for sick folks, for orphan children, and for old people. If you ever visit Bombay you will find one of their establishments there, consisting of sheds built around a large square containing several acres of ground. At first sight you might think it was a cattle-show—the sheds being arranged like the cattle-pens, horse-stalls and poultry-coops, at our State and County fairs. —Carleton.

Pet.

Last spring, when the days grew long and warm, and the newly hatched birds were leaving their nests, an Indian one day gave our preacher a little quail that had been lost by its mother. The minister gave it to us, and we made a cage out of a collar box for the quail and a cripple chicken. At first the tiny thing refused to eat, and made friends with no one but the chicken, who in time acted the part of mother. Both grew, and soon the cage was too small for them. The chicken was now well, and went about the yard as usual, followed by its little charge.

The quail was regarded as a great curiosity by the little folks, who gathered daily in the yard to watch its movements. As the quail, now christened Pet, neared maturity, he began to show a great aversion to the company of our neighbors' hens, and would allow none inside our yard. Many and long fought battles did Pet have with neighbors' hens, until at length he was acknowledged master.

Pet did not forget his foster-mother, but took especial care that no harm should befall the little chick, now a large yellow hen, that had watched over him in his infant days; and each night he returned to his place on the roost under her wing.

Pet was an early riser, and the first streak of light in the east was the signal for his shrill whistle to be-

gin. Often through the day would he fly near groups of children, and although he always scolded them for taking him in their hands, we secretly believe he rather liked to be caught. He had a certain round of visits to make each day, and certain neighbors welcomed him with corn, wheat, and other delicacies. Pet was the pet of town, but alas! the evil day for him came.

Pet had never whistled louder than on last Sunday morning. About two o'clock, P. M., he came in the house for his dinner, and to be petted, and went out again, and flew away as usual. Toward evening little Charlie Peacant came running towards the house, saying,—

"Your quail is shot! Dave shot him!"

Charlie said he saw the man watching Pet, and then go after a gun. Just as he was going to fire Charlie said,—

"Don't shoot, Dave! that's Mrs. Northup's quail!" but the only response was, "I am going to shoot," and in a moment Pet was no more.

Children, what do you think of a man that will thus wantonly destroy the children's pets? Shun such men, if you would keep your young hearts pure. —Covington News.



THE OLD HORSE'S APPEAL.

From Mary Howitt's Illustrated book "Our Four-footed Friends."

The Bell of Justice.

(See Cut.)

"Our Four-footed Friends," an English book for children, for sale by Lee & Shepard, contains an interesting story (illustrated by the accompanying cut), as follows:—

"Once upon a time, a king, who wished justice to be done to all his people, had a bell put up, so that any one who was injured by another might ring it, when the king assembled the wise men, that justice might be done. From long use, the lower end of the rope was worn away, and a piece of wild vine was fastened on to lengthen it. "It so happened that a knight had a noble horse, which had served him long and well, but having grown old and useless, was meanly and cruelly turned out on the common to take care of himself. Driven by hunger the horse began biting at the vine, when the bell rang out loud and clear; and lo! the wise men assembled, and finding that it was a poor, half-starved horse that was sounding the call, and thus asking for justice, though he knew it not, examined into his case, and decreed that the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed and care for him in his old age! And the king confirmed the decree, adding to it a heavy fine if the knight neglected his duty to the faithful animal."

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for July last, Longfellow has beautifully rendered this story into verse, concluding thus:—

"Church-bells at best but ring us
to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth
more:
It cometh into court and pleads the
cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to
the laws;

And this shall make in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

If all the neglected and worn out horses should thus make an appeal, there would be the most mournful tolling of bells ever heard in America.

Jenny Lind and the Birds.

I remember hearing a stage-driver's story of Jenny Lind when she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage perched on a tree near by as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and reaching out, she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful arched his head on one side, and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat, and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy, and quickly as though she were before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying. Whereupon little birdie took it up, and sang and trilled, till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly outcarolled the great Swedish nightingale.

BRUTAL.

The "Chicago Tribune" thus describes a dog-fight. It shows the need of our work when in 1871 a crowd of men would go several miles to witness this exhibition. The patrons of this "entertainment" are thus described:—

They were principally persons to whom a mysterious Providence had denied a vestige of forehead; whose eyes approached each other with a suspicious appearance of a desire to pick each other's pockets; and whose general demeanor showed as melancholy an absence of humanity as their conversation did of variety.

THE FIGHT.

The dogs were released simultaneously. A leap toward the centre of the pit, a horrid scramble of paws on the pine floor, the click of jaws snapped together, and the struggle had begun. Now there was tasting of skins in terrible earnest. Each sprang at the other's throat, and each at once succeeded in firmly fixing his teeth. They stood upright and wrestled like a pair of human athletes. The blue dog proved to be the more skilful wrestler—indeed, he was said to be a marvel in this respect—and, with a sudden powerful wrench with the jaw, the white was thrown. He struggled to get up, neither losing his hold, and succeeded, only to be "flopped" again immediately. They gnawed and tugged for a few seconds, without so much as a growl of rage or a whine of pain, the white trying to regain his feet, and the other bent upon holding him down. Soon the white broke away, and they wrestled again. This time the blue fell under, but he quickly turned his adversary, and was at the top again, having fastened his fangs in the lower lip of the white, who was thereby prevented from getting a hold until he had broken away, with the blood streaming from his wounds. Not for an instant did they remain inactive, but with movements quick as lightning kept up their noiseless strife. We shall not attempt to describe the battle in detail, for the above will serve as a sample of the entire struggle. It was brutal, cruel, sickening, terrible, to see the deadly earnestness, the fiendish intensity with which the trained brutes responded to the urging and encouragement of their handlers, who, by shouting, stamping and clapping of hands, excited the tired animals to renewed viciousness. As the fight wore on, the dogs became terribly exhausted, their lank sides panting and heaving, their tongues covered with blood and slime protruding from their mouths, their bodies smeared with red gore, their eyes bloodshot and glassy. And yet, during three-quarters of an hour there was not a sign of yielding under the fearful labor and punishment and suffering. It was only a question of strength—which should hang on until death parted his teeth. The crowd was fairly insane with excitement. Men leaped upon benches, and yelled and shouted until the din was horrible. The noisy ward at Jacksonville was utter stillness compared with the wild, hoarse shrieks and curses which filled that miserable little room. At last there was a prospect for an end of it. It had become evident that the white dog was game, and the blue a cur, as the fancy have it, and the result was easily predicted. * * * * The dogs were torn apart, the blue was too weak to stand up, and so the referee declared a victory for the white. The poor whipped cur, bleeding from a hundred wounds, and gasping as if every breath would be his last, was unceremoniously thrown out of the back door and left to die on the frozen ground. A rough and villainous looking hackman, moved to pity at the spectacle, tenderly picked up the animal and carried him into an adjacent barn and covered him with hay. It was agreed that the dog would die.

[We hope the children of the present day will be so educated that, twenty years hence, men will go to a dog-fight only to stop it, and that such records as the above will be seen only in old newspapers.—ED.]

A MOUSE walking across Wall Street on a telegraph wire was sufficient to attract a crowd of brokers, who cheered the plucky little Blondin, and rejoiced at his safe escape to the sewer.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

That Little Brown Mare.

My jewel, my treasure,
My pet, fleet and fair;
I love her so dearly,
That little brown mare!

Her foot steps as dainty
As any born belle;
And her ears are soft tinted,
As is the sea shell.

Her eye, full and pleading,
Looks love in its gaze;
Oh she holds all my heart,
By her delicate ways.

M. S. W.

CAMBRIDGE.

A STRONG CASE.—A fat old gentleman who had been bit in the calf of his leg by a dog came to Jonah in a towering passion, declaring it was Jonah's dog that had bitten him. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defence:—

1. By testimony in favor of the general good conduct of my dog, I can prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a "calf."
2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite.
3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so on account of his severe lameness.
4. Granting his eyes and his legs to be good, he has no teeth.
5. My dog died six weeks since.
6. I never had a dog.—*Stanton (Va.) Spectator.*

PUMPS IN CAMBRIDGE AND SOMERVILLE.

A friend complains to us of the removal of the old pumps in Cambridge and Somerville that have so long served as a watering place for the farmers and market-men living in all the towns adjoining, as well as to others at a great distance. They truly say that "those fountains are splendid in summer, but in winter the water is shut off, and they are obliged to go from Watertown to Boston and back before they can water their horses. It is estimated that at the pump in Cambridge one thousand horses were watered daily, and horses have been known to refuse water in Boston, also, for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles back, and invariably drink heartily at this pump on account of the saltiness of the water. I have found this to be so with my own horse which was always unwilling to go past this pump without 'stopping to take a drink.' In the dryest season there was always water at this place. The same will apply to Somerville.

"Ought not these to be restored, to afford a watering place in winter? If our society can do any thing to help accomplish this it would certainly be doing a great good."

RATS HELPING A BLIND COMPANION.—While Alexander Gunn, cattle-dealer, Brachour, was lately passing Mill and Dale, his attention was attracted to a large rat coming out of its hole, which, after surveying the place, retreated with great caution and silence. It returned soon afterward, leading by the ear another, which it left close by the hole. A third rat joined this kind conductor, and the two then searched about and picked up small scraps of grain; these they carried to the second rat, which appeared to be blind, and which remained on the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as was brought to it. After this one of the rats seized a small stick, about five inches in length, which he inserted into the blind one's mouth, and conducted it to the water, and afterward led it back to its hole.—*Cathness Courier.*

Stable and Farm.

MEDICAL TREATMENT OF CATTLE.

In answer to a request for instances of cruelty in medical treatment, a case is reported where *horn ail* and *tail sickness* is treated by pouring a mixture of vinegar and pepper into the ears of cattle, and by cutting a gash in the tail several inches in length and filling it with salt. It is said that after the mixture is poured into the ears the animal becomes frenzied, evidently suffering intensely.

BLINKERS, or blinders, (as they are very appropriately termed,) are, fortunately, growing more and more unpopular. There is no earthly reason why they should be generally used, except that they afford a good field for the display of initial letters and family crests. They are a frequent cause of blindness, resulting from an undue pressure against the eye; they cause horses to be frightened by the sudden appearance before them of objects which, without blinkers, they would have seen slowly approaching; and their use for the mere purpose of ornament is as unfortunate as is the use of green spectacles by fine-eyed men.—*Hints to Horse Keepers.*

TREATMENT OF COWS.

As a matter of economy and comfort, the stable should be kept warm; we prefer a temperature of about 50 degrees. Stock requires less food in warm than in cold stables. They should be well ventilated and kept clean. The manure should be removed each day to a pile or compost heap some little distance from the stable. We find the best way of removing it is to use a wheelbarrow with a large wheel. The floors on which the cows stand should be earth rather than plank. A mixture of clay and sand covered with a thin coat of saw dust, or refuse straw is very good. The trough for the drippings should be made of plank and tight, so as to prevent the filtering of the urine. In stormy weather the cows should be kept in the stalls, but in weather that is suitable they should be let out three or four hours a day for exercise. If possible we would arrange it so as to give water twice a day in the stable. If this cannot be done in very cold weather, we would feed in the morning before turning out, with steamed feed, or with cut feed well wet, in order to lessen the quantity of cold water they would drink on coming out of the warm stable. A free use of the currying comb would add much to the comfort and appearance of the stock, especially in the spring. Special care will be necessary to keep clear of vermin, or their tortures will lessen seriously the receipts of the dairy. J. M. CASE.

CRUELTY TO SHEEP.

Many of the wool-growers wintered their flocks poorly last winter, on the ground that they could not afford to feed them well, and probably have done the same this winter. This in our opinion is a cruel and suicidal policy. Less returns are thus obtained from a given amount of food. Thirty half starved sheep will produce less good merchantable wool than twenty properly kept ones; will lose twice or three times as many by death; and will not raise half as many lambs. And what farmer possessing a spark of humanity is willing to see these poor defenceless animals slowly growing thinner and weaker—all of them tottering before March closes—many of the inlambd ewes incapable of rising with their burthen, and dying in parturition. A more painful spectacle of brute suffering than a flock in such a condition near the close of winter, cannot be witnessed, and we believe that morality has a voice in this matter as well as humanity.

Every flock-master who has more sheep than he can keep properly or sell, should kill the surplus when winter sets in, if he gets nothing from them but the pelts.—*Dr. Randall, in Rural New Yorker.*

LENGTHEN your check-rein or take it off altogether.

SLAUGHTERING WITH LEAST PAIN TO ANIMALS.

DEBATE IN LAST CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

(Continued from February paper.)

M. Sorel, explained the manner of killing by cutting the spinal marrow, in all its details; by which method he said, when skilfully conducted, an ox can be killed, skinned, and quartered, in fifteen minutes. He was thoroughly convinced that this is the most humane method of killing animals; and the one by which the public obtained the best meat, and the butchers the most profit; the annual value of the brains destroyed by the "stunning" process might be taken at 840,000 frs. for Paris alone. The speaker objected to the Jewish method of slaying, because by it the sense of feeling was not deadened, the animal being conscious of pain until the last drop of blood was shed; in consequence of this, fever was induced, and the flesh, as human food, was the most unhealthy of any. Mr. Sorel remarked further, that there were hopes of a better state of things, as the Jews did not meet all demands for reform by a *non possumus*; the Israelite Synod of Dresden had declared that the Jews would, in all countries, conform to the spirit of modern civilization as existing amongst the most civilized communities.

Dr. Kaiserling, Rabbi in Endingen, near Zurich, said, that the ritualistic slaying of animals by the Jews had been the subject of continual debate in animal-protection societies. This circumstance had raised the question to the dignity of a scientific problem, and science had now solved it. Two years and a half ago the speaker had taken the opinions of the best veterinary authorities. He should insistently beg of the Congress to lay aside, once for all, any further discussion of the question of the Jewish ritualistic method of slaying. The Israelite Synod of Leipzig, in 1869, declared that the Jews not only recommend but command the observance of kindness to animals; and that they repudiate all suspicions of cruelty in the observance of their religious rites, and particularly in the rite of slaying. The Synod consisted of men of widely different, and many of them of the most liberal, views, and they adopted this declaration unanimously, because they could conscientiously conform their views to the utterances of science.

Herr Sigmund, V. S., of Basel, said that death was caused by the stoppage in the conveyance of oxygen to the brain, which could be affected by hanging or by severing the carotid artery. The Jewish mode did not produce immediate death; in fact, no animal could be killed in an instant; it can only be stunned or rendered insensible instantaneously. Jewish slaying is not, in itself, to be condemned; but the manner in which the animals are prepared for slaughter is bad. If the Congress be willing to admit that the animal has a soul, then it must consider the Jewish mode of slaying a great cruelty to animals. It is not easy to make any change in this method of killing inasmuch as it is a religious rite; but it might be considerably carried out. The Rabbi is not present when the animal is bound and thrown down, but is then in another place sharpening the knife, and only comes to the slaughter when the animal is ready. Division of the spinal marrow is not to be recommended; for, as long as the blood is in the brain, life is not extinct. The instrument exhibited by Dr. Sondermann is of certain execution if skilfully wielded; rendering insensible by a blow ought also to be adopted in the killing of swine and calves, although it might lessen in value a small portion of the brain.

M. Salle described the Jewish mode of slaying as very painful, and preferred to it the method of stunning the animal by a blow on the head. He objected to killing by cutting through the spinal marrow, on account of the extremely difficult character of the operation; also to the Jewish slaying; and would prefer to kill by stunning and then dividing the spinal cord, as this otherwise difficult operation could then be, comparatively speaking, easily performed.

Dr. Kaiserling now submitted a formal resolution, to the effect that inasmuch as the question of cruelty in the Jewish mode of slaying was a scientific question, and as the veterinary authorities had now de-

clared that it was not cruel; and, inasmuch as it was a religious institution, and a question of conscience, the Congress should abstain from all further discussion on the subject.

Judge Merkle said it was not the duty of the Congress to decide scientific questions; they could only recommend their respective societies to adopt what science approves.

Dr. Sondermann said he would introduce the subject at the next Congress of veterinary surgeons to be held at Brussels, and would call upon them to decide the question.

The Rev. Evers, of Rostock, said the Congress had no right to interfere with the religious observances of the Jews, and ought to refrain from the discussion of such a subject as ritual slaying.

Mr. John Colam, of London, observed it had been said that the decisions of former Congresses could not be reversed; such an opinion could not be seriously entertained, for members had not come there from afar simply to repeat old decisions, and thereby acknowledge they had not learned anything during the last two years. He continued, We ought to ask ourselves, Does the Jewish mode of slaying cause the animal any unnecessary pain? Whoever will examine with his own eyes in the slaughter-houses will agree, I think, that this method of slaying at least appears to be a very cruel one. I would not force Congress to a decision on this occasion, but it is the duty of the representatives of our righteous cause to arrive at the truth of this question, and then to speak out boldly. There are some who say that reverence for religious dogmas ought to override our principles of humanity. On the contrary, I would urge that religious precepts force us to look well to this question. The members of this Congress are not here to discuss theology. Are we not here rather as disciples of humanity? And is not our programme liberal enough for the followers of any religious creed? The Congress has not to deal with the religious views of any individual present, but with the doctrine of justice as applied to the treatment of animals; and this duty must be upheld in the face of all opposition. All systems of religion teach that mercy is a Divine attribute; we all believe that the law of humanity is a Divine law; here we have only to acknowledge that law, and to teach it. The London Society injudiciously, as I think, prosecuted the Jews for cruelty in their slaying of animals years ago, but with mischievous effect, as they had thereby created a feeling of bitterness in a whole religious body, without convincing them of their error. That, however, is no reason to remain idle. Have we any grounds for believing that the Jews will continue—if we prove to them that they are in error—to be less humane than Christians are? or that they, unlike all other religious bodies, will refuse to conform to the spirit of an advanced civilization, and re-examine this question, in order that they may discover how their interpretations and prejudices may be reconciled with the Divine law of humanity? We must endeavour to attain our end by convincing our opponents of their error. Whatever steps may be taken, there is one thing to be avoided; the Congress must not finally declare itself incompetent to decide the question, but must declare, after having collected the necessary information, whether the Israelite method of slaying ought to be opposed or not. It is a matter of evidence, and in my opinion may be settled by intelligent men assisted by scientific opinion.

The Congress voted, on motion of Captain Dennstedt, that the Congress deemed it part of its duty to contribute to the solution of the question of which is the least painful and most speedy method of killing animals; and, that it would cause the address of Dr. Sondermann, of Munich, to be printed and distributed amongst competent persons, in order that they might express a definite opinion on the subject; and, that the Congress hears with pleasure Dr. Sondermann's resolve to bring the question before the Congress of veterinary surgeons at Brussels.

"It is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest."

GENEVA SOCIETY.

Extract from the President's annual address.

Your society has received an official visit from Mr. Angell, president of the protective society of Boston. Mr. Angell has given to the Geneva Society all the sympathy of its American sister whose means of action has quite a resemblance to ours, since these two associations both have for their field of work a republican soil. Mr. Angell takes a very elevated view of the protective question, and sees in the result of his efforts, above all the progress and well-being of humanity. He sends us, "Our Dumb Animals," an illustrated publication of which a large number are printed, very captivating to children, and instructive in the protective cause.—Translated for "Our Dumb Animals."

Allow me to recall to your mind a good and charming word of Bernadin de Saint Pierre, and may it one day, thanks to the influence which our dear society shall exercise, be the true picture of all families in our country; he said: "I strive to make my wife, my child and even my dog happy."—Idem.

THE TRADES OF ANIMALS.

Bees are geometricians; their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstices. So, also, is the ant-lion; his tunnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation, as if it had been made by the most skilful artists of our species, with the aid of the best instruments. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the nine-killer is an arithmetician; so, also, is the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator; he raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs his anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and woodcutter; he cuts down trees and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India ants are horticulturists; they make mushrooms, upon which they feed; they, young. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk-spinners. The bird *ploceus texor* is a weaver; he weaves a web to make his nest. The prima is a tailor; he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants are regular day-laborers. The monkey is a rope-dancer. The association of beavers presents us with a model of republicanism. The bees live under a monarchy. The Indian antelopes furnish an example of patriarchal government. Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders. Wild horses are said to select their leader.

CONDEMNED MEAT.—The Board of Health of Chicago have made a raid upon the butchers (as we learn from a Chicago paper), for the suppression of an extensive business in diseased sheep, unborn calves, frozen hogs, and jellified flesh sold as quarters of beef.

"Since the commencement of the condemning movement, about three weeks ago, nearly three hundred quarters of beef have been condemned, and mutton, pork and veal, in equal proportions. But the butchers are learning a lesson. Many of them have too much wisdom to persist in a trade so injurious to themselves, and many, fortunately, have too much honesty to engage in it at all. They are, therefore, in league with the officer for the prevention of the sale of any such."

[A part of all this comes of cruel transportation and abuse in cattle yards and slaughter yards by men who have little knowledge of, and less care for humane and sanitary conditions.—Ed.]

"The men of principle should be the principal men."

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